Which 1400. yeares agoe were nail'd,
For our advantage on the bitter Croſſe:
But this our purpoſe is but twelue months old,
And booteleſſe 'tis to tell you, we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Coſin *Weſtmerland*,
What yeſter night our Counſell did decree,
In forwarding his deare expedience.

*Weſt.* My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe;
But yeſternight, when all athwart, there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heavy newes;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herfordſhire*, to fight
Againſt the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
A thouſand of his people butcherd:
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameleſſe transformation
By thoſe Welſh-women done, as may not be
Without much ſhame, retold or ſpoken of.

*King.* It ſeemes then, that the tydings of this broyle
Brake off our buſineſſe for the Holy-land.

*Weſt.* This match with other like, my Gracious Lord;
Far more uneven and unwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpur* there
Yong *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That very valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their Artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horſe,
Uncertane of the iſſue any way.

*King.* Here is a deare, and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,

Stain'd